ALGERNON SMITHERS.

Algie Smithers came a-courting,
Came a-courting Kitty Gray;
Algie Smithers, slow and steady,
Came a-courting many a day.

Many a day she used to wonder
What was Algie's last intent,
But by none of her devices
Could she learn what Algie meant.

Not a word of marriage said he,
Never tried to hold her hand;
And when she made her coy advances,
Didn't seem to understand.

Still he kept a-courting Kitty
In his own peculiar style;
Had a fit if Kitty ever
Gave another man a smile.

Once he took her on the river,
And somewhere along its banks
Caught a turtle which he gave her—
She received the same with thanks.

Home she took the turtle with her,
And she named it Algie—Oh,
How her friends all laughed with Kitty,
And at Algie, don't you know.

Algie listened to the laughing
Listened long before he spoke;
Then he asked them, quite indignant:
"Say! I say now, what's the joke?"
—William J. Lampton, in N. Y. Sun.

In the Long Ago

By
MYRTLE CONGER

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PATRICIA'S chief characteristics were her beautiful eyes and her self-reliance.

She was from the city, and she had begun her first term as teacher in the village school, much to the consternation of the inhabitants, who had never known any teacher for their children other than the ancient Mr. James.

I might tell you about the picturesque woods near the school; or, the little brook that ran at the foot of the hill; and the flowery paths where the children walked home in the glow of the evening, swinging their dinner pails or munching their left-over dinner cakes; or, the big swing on the old beechnut tree in the school yard; or, about the little brick schoolhouse itself, only these things would not be true, and besides, they have nothing to do with the story.

The real beginning was when Miss O'Connor (that was Patricia's teacher name) saw Kitty Wright attempt to pass a note across the aisle to Philip Brooks. The note slipped to the floor before Philip could secure it.

"Philip," said Miss O'Connor, sweetly, "please lower the window; the room seems close."

By the time the window was lowered Patricia had secured the note, consigned its remains to the waste basket and called the American history class. Philip gasped. Last year, Mr. James had read their notes publicly.

That night, after the books had been put away, the teacher said: "Philip, I wish you to remain. I have some work I wish you to finish before examination. The rest may pass out."

And the unsuspecting pupils passed out. Kitty paused long enough at Philip's desk to whisper: "I will wait for you at the bend."

When Miss O'Connor went back to Philip's desk he was nervously making x's and y's on his tablet. Nothing that Mr. James had ever done could produce the effect of the brown glances from Patricia's eyes and the even tones of her soft voice.

"Here they are. Ten of them," she said.

Philip took the paper awkwardly.

"Phillip, how old are you?"

The paper fluttered to the floor. It was swept up next morning and tossed into the fire.

"Nineteen last January," he returned, recovering somewhat from his surprise.

"Heavens!" commented Patricia, inwardly. "Older than I am." Aloud, she said: "I have been thinking, Philip, that you will not be benefited by going to school here much longer. You already are ahead of the course. You are almost a man now, and you must be thinking about your future. What do you intend to do with your future?"

Philip was speechless.

"Would you like to be a physician, like your father?"

"No, Miss O'Connor; oh, no."

"What would you like to be! You must be something, you know."

I would repeat all their conversation only I never have been told it all, and I wasn't there. All I learned was that Philip didn't seem to have a very definite notion of any kind of a career, except a few stray dreams of becoming a "newspaper man"—and that Kitty waited in vain at the bend that night.

The next occurrence that has any real bearing on this story was when Philip passed a note to Kitty. Patricia saw it. She had learned to watch for such things.

"Kitty Wright," she said, quietly, "bring that note to me."

"I won't!" Kitty snapped back, clasping the note tighty in her hand.

You know how all the pupils acted then—just as they did when your teacher caught you passing a note to your schoolgirl sweetheart across the aisle; or across two or three aisles; or across the full length of the room for that matter; or at whatever angle she sat from you.

In an instant Patricia was at the girl's side. She repeated her request, to which Kitty gave the same defiant answer, and added some additional paragraphing something on the following order: "You haven't any business with my notes. Why are you always bothering yourself about Philip and me? Mother says that's all you do, anyway. Why don't you teach school? That's what you're here for."

Like a flash Patricia's firm little fingers buried themselves in the back of Kitty's hand and the note changed possession.

"Kitty, you may go home now and return when you are ready to apologize."

Here was the place for the customary "subdued hush" that is supposed to accompany all such occasions, but if I remember rightly there was some noise and a giggle or two as Kitty left the room.

The next day Kitty returned to the school with her mother. There was some loud talking on the part of Mrs. Wright, and some insolence from Kitty, but Patricia came out victorious.

One noonday recreation not long after that Miss O'Connor found Philip at his desk, reading a book she had placed there for that express purpose.

"Do you still want to be a 'newspaper man?'" she asked, as she paused before him.

And Philip said he did.

"There's a newspaper man coming to our house this evening, and if you will come over you can see what one is like," she said.

Philip went and saw. And he immediately became possessed of a desire to become a man like Walter Ellis, the newspaper man.

"Philip is one of my oldest pupils," said Patricia, by way of explanation.

"And the best?" asked Mr. Ellis.

"I'm afraid not," answered Philip, flushing, and looking down upon Patricia, for she was dainty and small beside him.

"The best except for one fault," said Patricia, "and that is he is in love with a very pretty and very bad mannered little lady, who never knows her history lesson."

"Not know her history lesson and you her teacher?"

"Oh, Philip makes up for that by whispering the answers to her," and Patricia gave Philip a sweet little smile to take the sting away from her words.

Mr. Ellis stayed a long time. Philip listened in wonder to these two talking familiarly. It was a new world to him—as Patricia had intended it should be.

The next day Mrs. Wright cut Patricia dead on the street, but Patricia only smiled.

That same evening she called at the home of the Brooks and had a long talk with Philip's parents about their only son. Patricia never wanted anything that she did not get it. This time what she wanted was that Philip might go away to school. She got it.

She stayed so long that evening that Philip had to walk home with her. When she gave him her hand to say good-night he lifted his hat and said: "Miss O'Connor, I know now that I have needed just you to make me know what the best of life is. I have been only an awkward, useless boy, but if you will teach me I shall be what you want me to be."

"I will help you, Philip," was all she said.

That winter Patricia taught the village school again; and the next also, but neither of these two winters have anything much to do with this story. Kitty Wright had gone to her aunt's, in the city, where, according to her mother, she could "learn something." Philip was studying hard in the university. A weekly letter told Patricia of his work, and a weekly answer gave him encouragement amid his struggles.

The following winter a new teacher came to take charge of the village school, and Patricia went back to her old home in the metropolis.

Mr. Ellis met her at the train with a "I congratulate you. You have been successful."

But Patricia's mind was on other things, and she only smiled and answered, rather vaguely: "Yes."

"Not very enthusiastic for a young and successful writer," he said. "But how you ever could stay in that dead little village three years is beyond me. Here's the carriage. Ella expects you to come to supper. No amount of possible rural books could have tempted me, but you always were queer."

"Thank you," assented Patricia, laughing. "I don't look ancient or anything like that, do I?"

"Oh, no; on the contrary, you look unusually beautiful. What became of that young fellow I met there several times? One of your awkward, overgrown youngsters. I thought then that he was to be a character in your book, but I was mistaken. Ella said you probably had some philanthropic notion in your head. Women are unaccountable."

Patricia opened her eyes. "I didn't think him awkward, and I didn't intend to put him in a story. He was just going to marry an objectionable girl—some time—that's all, and settle down into a village nonentity and thus spoil a career, for he has a career before him. Ah, there's Ella waiting. How good it seems to be back once more."

"I never have known the reason why you wanted to take me away from Kitty Wright," Philip said to Patricia one evening, as she sat writing. It was six years later.

"I told you I didn't want your career spoiled," she answered, marking out some paragraphs. "There, that's finished. Do you think 'Ellis & Brooks' will accept it?"

"Brooks will at any rate. Was there no other reason, Patricia?"

"Yes; one. Oh, do be careful; you'll crumple my story."

"Dear little story. Sweetheart, tell me, was it because you cared a little even then?"

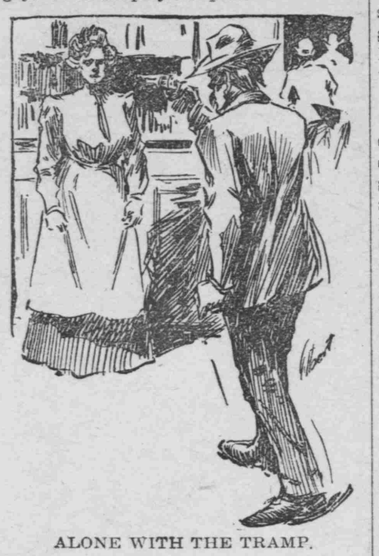
And Patricia said it was.

And I, who write this story, am Patricia's granddaughter, and Philip is my grandfather. It was from him that I heard this story in the long winter evenings, while grandmother listened and smiled, and told me that Philip always was ever so much nicer than grandfather said.

NERVE AND REVOLVER.

This Indiana Woman Had Both and Was Not Daunted by the Bluff of a Tramp.

At a crossroads in Gravel Creek, some eight miles south of Nashville, Ind., is a country store kept by Alexander Shipley. One evening last week Mr. Shipley was absent, leaving his wife in charge. Two young men of the neighborhood were seated near the stove and Mrs. Shipley was arranging some glassware behind the counter, when a rough-looking stranger, carrying a cane, entered the door, and, approaching Mrs. Shipley, begged for a bite to eat, saying he had been in the woods all day and was hungry. Mrs. Shipley complied with his re-



ALONE WITH THE TRAMP.

quest and while he was eating she continued her work with the glassware.

Suddenly the stranger whipped out an ugly-looking revolver, and, pointing the weapon at Mrs. Shipley, remarked: "Give me the money in the till." Upon hearing this the two young men ran out, leaving the woman alone with the tramp. Mrs. Shipley answered the would-be robber: "All right," and walked toward the money till, the tramp following several steps behind. She reached in as if for the money, but her hand reappeared grasping a revolver, with which she began shooting at the tramp. He was so surprised that he dropped his revolver and ran out of the door, Mrs. Shipley continuing to shoot in his direction as long as her revolver would respond, but failing to send a bullet home.

After placing her own weapon in the till she picked up the revolver dropped by the tramp, only to find every chamber empty. Then she went back to her work as if nothing had happened.

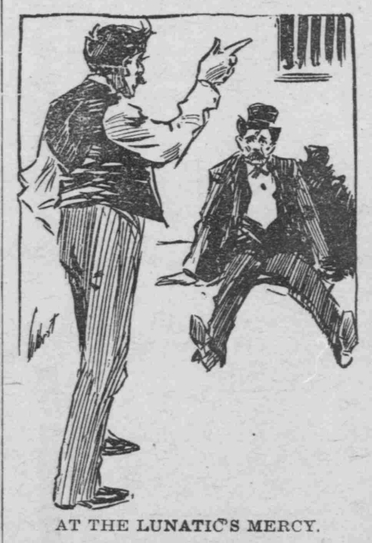
It was some little time before the farmers gathered and offered to pursue the tramp, but Mrs. Shipley said he would long remember his escape from her, and that there was no danger of a return by him. Her husband, upon being made acquainted with the circumstances, reported that he met a stranger several miles distant as he was returning home, still walking rapidly.

CURE FOR INEBRIETY.

Tried with Good Results on a Dissipated Young Fellow by a Pittsburg Magistrate.

Magistrate Joseph H. Vichestain, says the Pittsburg Dispatch, is a wise man, who would have had Solomon eclipsed 40 ways had the late deceased been so fortunate as to have been a resident of Pittsburg. Magistrate Vichestain has been grievously troubled for the past year by a young man of good family who persisted in clinging to the cup that cheers until the patrol wagon and a cell became a part of his weekly routine. Magistrate Joe tried every means at his command to save the youth, but his efforts were fruitless.

About five weeks ago Vichestain was in the South Side station when his in-



AT THE LUNATIC'S MERCY.

toxicated friend was carried in in his usual condition. The magistrate was disgusted, and at the same time sorrowful. A few minutes later a raving maniac was brought in between two burly policemen and was placed in a padded cell. This gave Joe an idea. He had his inebriated friend placed in the same apartment with the maniac, and then had both watched closely. The crazy one startled the sleeping drunk with the assertion that he was Croesus and that, in view of their friendship, he would convert him into J. Pierpont Morgan and would present him with $400,000,000.

That sobered the magistrate's friend, but the night had only begun. For four hours he was compelled to do as the lunatic bid, and by morning he was so suppliant that he crawled upon his knees and begged the police to release him from his torment. Magistrate Vichestain thought no lecture was necessary that morning, and for five weeks since not a drop of liquor has passed the lips of his young friend.

MEN YOU HAVE HEARD OF.

Gov. Brodie, of Arizona, is a native of New York state, and went to West Point in 1866. He became a mining engineer after serving several years in the army.

Secretary Hay has in his possession the Panama flag in which was wrapped Panama's treaty with the United States on its trip from Washington to the isthmus and back again. The flag was presented to him by Minister Bunau-Varilla, who himself kept the American flag, which was also wrapped about the treaty.

Though a very busy man, President Diaz, of Mexico, rarely if ever refuses an audience to American visitors. Usually a letter sent a day or two ahead is sufficient to secure an interview. The general's knowledge of English is hardly more than rudimentary, so he always has an interpreter at hand on uch occasions.

Grover Cleveland has lived in the time of more administrations than any other citizen who has ever been president, beginning with that of Martin Van Buren and coming down to that of Theodore Roosevelt—in all 18, exclusive of his own two. He has also lived to see six vice presidents succeed to the presidency, three of them, Johnson, Arthur and Roosevelt, coming to the white house through the assassination of their predecessors. The others were Van Buren, Tyler and Fillmore.

Rear Admiral Schley desires to become a voter in his native state of Maryland. With the view of aiding him some of his friends in the legislature are considering the introduction of an enabling bill. Some lawyers say that such a course is not necessary, holding that a sailor retains his former domicile until by actual residence elsewhere he loses his right to vote. In any event, the admiral is likely to cast his first vote at the presidential election next fall. The Schley family has been identified with Maryland for over 150 years.

Senator Reagan, of Texas, when he was in the senate, was one of the men who strongly objected to being interrupted. On one occasion Henry W. Blair, then a senator from New Hampshire, tried to ask Reagan a question during the latter's speech. "I do not want to be interrupted," said Reagan, "but I will listen to a question." "It is not exactly a question, but a statement," said Blair. "Then I refuse to yield," said Reagan. "Well, the senator has missed an opportunity of greatly improving his speech," remarked Blair, as he ambled toward the cloakroom.

GERMAN AND RUSSIAN TRADE.

It is believed that the artificial camphor now being made in Germany will prove particularly useful in the manufacture of safety explosives.

The German-Russian association, at Berlin, whose mission is to increase German exports to Russia, has 257 German business and manufacturing firms and 42 German chambers of commerce among its membership.

A special bureau has been established to collect information on all matters pertaining to grain in different parts of Russia, and an arbitration and supervisory committee, composed of the most reputable merchants of Odessa, has been appointed to inspect grain shipments, decide disputes, adjust claims, etc.

The produce exchanges of the Russian Black sea ports—Odessa, Nicholaiev and Rostoff—intend to locate agents at the ports of Hull, London, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg and Marseilles for the purpose of watching the arrivals of Russian grain cargoes and frustrating the fraudulent practices which have brought Russian grain into disrepute.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Feb. 6.			
CATTLE—Common	$3 00	@	3 75
Heavy steers	4 60	@	4 85
CALVES—Extra	6 50	@	7 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	5 15	@	5 20
Mixed packers	5 00	@	5 10
SHEEP—Extra	4 10	@	4 25
LAMBS—Extra	6 50	@	6 60
FLOUR—Spring pat.	4 85	@	5 10
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	1 00
No. 3 winter	91	@	94
CORN—No. 3 mixed.		@	47½
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	42½
RYE—No. 2	64	@	66
HAY—Ch. timothy		@	13 75
PORK—Clear family.		@	15 85
LARD—Steam		@	6 80
BUTTER—Ch. dairy.		@	11
Choice creamery		@	25
APPLES—Fancy	3 50	@	3 75
POTATOES—Per bbl	2 90	@	3 00
TOBACCO—New	5 05	@	12 50
Old	4 40	@	14 50
Chicago.			
FLOUR—Winter pat.	4 15	@	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red.	92¾	@	97¾
No. 3 spring	80	@	92
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	50¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed.	41⅜	@	41⅞
RYE—No. 2		@	61½
PORK—Mess	13 50	@	13 62½
LARD—Steam	7 35	@	7 57½
New York.			
FLOUR—Win. st'rts.	4 50	@	4 85
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	96
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	60
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	47
RYE—Western		@	68½
PORK—Family	15 00	@	15 50
LARD—Steam		@	7 75
Baltimore.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	97¾
CORN—No. 2 mixed.	50½	@	50¾
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	41
CATTLE—Steers	4 75	@	5 50
HOGS—Western	4 70	@	5 02½
Louisville.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	96
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	50
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	41½
PORK—Mess		@	13 00
LARD—Steam		@	6 75
Indianapolis.			
WHEAT—No. 2 red.		@	95
CORN—No. 2 mixed.		@	45
OATS—No. 2 mixed.		@	40

FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

"The Henderson Route"—Always First

The traveling public will be pleased to learn of the latest innovation in the way of comfort in travel for its patrons which is now being offered by that most popular railroad, the "Henderson Route," which road has been rightly termed the "Kentuckian's Official Route to the West and Southwest."

It has just been announced from the general office of the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway that they now have in service on their night trains between Louisville and St. Louis, Free Reclining Chair Cars, which have just been received from the shops and are a revelation in the car builder's art.

The cars are strictly up-to-date, first-class "palaces of travel" on wheels, and this is only one of the many surprises which are promised the public for the World's Fair travel by the Henderson Route.

Among other advantages offered in these highly finished cars, a few of the most important points only are mentioned:

They are solidly vestibuled and are furnished with sixty-four reclining chairs, which are upholstered in beautiful green plush, in addition to smoking and toilet rooms, the smoking rooms being finished throughout in leather. They are also fitted up with triple trucks, which feature will do away with the jerk, jar and strin incident to travel in the ordinary railway coach, and insures a smooth, comfortable ride. This should prove more than a popular feature in train service to the traveling public, and you can only suggest that in traveling you "get the 'Henderson Route' habit."

Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm 3:23 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am; 3:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.
F. B. CARR, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.

Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:25pm.
Lve. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:42 pm.
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart from L. & N. Station.